### WORD OF THE LORD

Dr. Talmage on Those Invited to the Wedding Feast.

EXCUSES FOR THEIR DELAY

w Very Illegical Men Age in The Assistado Toward the Claims of

Christianity, Poor Doctors.

SELEN, April 16.—Bov. Dr. Tal nem spread bet nt, the test chosen being from

at of the regrete are founded on managements. So in my text a banquet was aproad, the invita-are eigenlated, and now the repote come in. The one gives an agri-relitural reason, the other a stock deal-are reason, the other a domestic reason—all poor reason. The agricultural rea-son being that the man had brought a farm and wanted to see it. Could be not see it the next day? The stock dealgr's reason being that he had bought five yoke of each, and he wanted to go and prove them. He had no business to buy m until he know what they were sides that a man who can own five yels of ozen can command his own time. Besides that he might have yoked two of them together and driven them on the way to the banquet, for lucomom was not as rapid then as now. The he had got married. He ought to have taken his wife with him. The fact was they did not want to go. "And they all with one consent began to make ex-cuse." So now God spreads a great ban-quet; it is the gospel feast, and the table reaches across the hemispheres, and the invitations go out and multitudes come and sit down and drink out of thech of God's love, while other multitudes de cline coming—the one giving this spology and the other giving that spology. And they all with one consent began to make excuse." I propose this morning, so far as God may help me, to examine

the apologies which men make for not entering the Christian life. Apology the first: I am not sure there is anything valuable in the Christian re-ligiou. It is pleaded that there are so many impositions in this day—so many things that seem to be real are sham. A gilded ontside may have a hollow inside. There is so much quackery in physics, in ethics, in politics, that men come to the habit of incredulity, and after awhile they allow that incredulity to collide with our holy religion.

IT HAS MADE A GOOD RECORD. But, my friends, I think religion has made a pretty good record in the world. How many wounds it has salved; how How many wounds it has salved; how many pillars of fire it has lifted in the midnight wilderness; how many simoom struck Saharas it hath turned into the gardens of the Lord; how it hath stilled the chopped seal. What rosy light it hath sent streaming through the rift of the storm cloud wrack; what pools of cool water it hath gathered for thirsty. Hager and Ishmael; what means whiter than coriander seed it hath dropped all around the camp of hardly bestead pilgrims; what promises it hath sent out like holy watchers to keep the lamps burning around deathbeds! Through the darkness that lowers into the sepulcher, what flashes of resurrection morn!

Besides that, this religion has made so many heroes. It brought Summerfield, the Methodist, across the Atlantic ocean with his silver trumpet to blow the acceptable year of the Lord, until it seemed as if all our American cities would take the kingdom of heaven by violence. It sent Jehudi Ashman into Africa alone, in a continent of naked barbarians, to lift the standard of civilisation and Christianity. It made John Milton among ports, Raphael among painters, Christopher Wren among architects, Thorwaldsen among sculptors, Handel among musicians, Dupont among military commanders; and to give new wings to the imagination, and better balance to the judgment, and more determina-tion to the will, and greater usefulness to the life, and grander nobility to the soul, there is nothing in all the earth

like our Christian religion.

Nothing in religion! Why, then, all these Christians were deceived when in their dying moment they thought they saw the castles of the blessed; and your child that with unatterable agony you put away into the grave—you will never see him again, nor hear his sweet voice, nor feel the throb of his young hear? There is nothing in religion! Sickness will come upon you. Roll and turn on your pillow. No relief. The medicine may be bitter, the night may be dark, the pain may be sharp. No relief. Christ never comme to the sick room. Let the pain stab. Let the fever burn. Curse it and die. There is nothing in religion! After awaitle death will come. You will hear the pawing of the pale horse on the threshold. The spirit will be breaking away from the body, and it will take fight—whither, whither? There is no God, so ministering angule to conduct, no Chilet, no heaven, no home. Nothing in religion! Oh, you are not willing put away into the grave—you will never

to adopt such a dhemal theory. And yet the world in full of alception. And let me my there is no class of people for where I have a warmer sympathy than for skeption. We do not know how to treat them. We deride them, we cariculare them. We, instead of taking them by the soft hand of Christian love, dratch them with the iron pineers of ecclesianteism. Oh, if you knew how those men had fallen away from Christianity and become abspice you would not be so rough on them. Home were brought up in homes where religion was overdone. The most wretched day in the week was fenday. Religion was driven into them with a triphemmer. They had a surfeit of proper meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. told by their parents that they were the worst children that ever lived because they liked to ride down hill better than to read "Pilgrian's Progress." They never heard their parents talk of religion but with the comment of their months. but with the corners of their madrawn down and the eyes rolled up

irestment on the part of some who most religion. There is a man who . "My partner in business was volanys, "My partner in business was vol-uble in prayer meeting, and he was of-fictous in all religious circles, but he cheatest me out of \$0,000, and I don't want any of that religion."

There are others who got into skepti-

ciam by a natural persistence in asking questions—why or how. How can God can God be a complete sovereign and yet man a free agent? They cannot under-stand it. Neither can I. They cannot understand why a holy God lets sin come into the world. Neither can I. They say: "Here is a great mystery Here is a disci-ple of fashion, fravolous @ 1 godless all ber days—she lives on to se an octogenarian. Here is a Christian mother training her children for God and for heaven, self sacrificing, Christlike, indispensable scenningly to that household—she takes the cancer and dies." The skeptic says, "I can't explain that." Neither can I.

Oh, I can see how men reason themselves into skepticism. With burning feet I have trod that blistering way. I know what it is to have a hundred nights poured into one hour. There are men in this audience who would give their thouands of dollars if they could get back to the old religion of their fathers. Such men are not to be caricatured, but helped, and not through their heads, but through their hearts. When these men really do come into the kingdom of God, they will be worth far more to the cause of Christ than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers once a skeptic; Robert Hall once a skeptic; Christmas Evans once a skeptic, but when they did lay hold of the gospel chariot, how they made it speed shead!

If therefore I stand this morning before men and women who have drifted away into skepticism I throw out no

away into skepticism I throw out no scoff. I rather implead you by the mem-ory of those good old times when you knelt at your mother's knee and said your evening prayer and those other days of sickness when she watched all night and gave you the medicines at just the right time and turned the pillow when it was hot, and with hand long ago turned to dust soothed your pains, and with that voice you will never hear again unless you join hor in the better country told you never mind—you would be better by and by, and by that dying couch, where she talked so slowly, catch-ing her breath between the words—by all those memories I ask you to come and take the same religion. It was good enough for her-it is good enough for

Aye, I make a better plea by the wounds and the death three of the Son of God, who approaches you this morning with torn brow and lacerated hands and whipped back crying, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

CHUST'S REMEDY FOR BAD TRAPPER.

CHRIST'S REMEDY FOR BAD TEMPER. Other persons apologize for not enter-ing the Christian life because of the incorrigibility of their temper. Now, we admit it is harder for some people to become Christians than for others, but the grace of God never came to a mountain that it could not climb, or to an abyse that it could not fathom, or to a bondage that it could not break. The wildest horse that ever trod Arabian sands has been broken to bit and trace. The madest torrent tumbling from mountain shelving has been harnessed to the millwheel and the factory hand, setting a thousand shuttles all a-buzz and a-clat-ter, and the wildest, the haughtiest, the most ungovernable man ever created by the grace of God may be subdued and sent out on ministry of kindness, as God sends an August thunderstorm to water the wild flowers down in the grass.

Good resolution, reformatory effort, will not effect the change. It takes a mightier arm and a mightier hand to bend evil habits than the hand that bent the bow of Ulysses, and it takes a strong-er lesso than ever held the buffalo on the prairie. A man cannot go forth with any human weapons and contend successfully against these Titans armed with uptorn mountain. But you have known men into whose spirit the influence of the gospel of Christ came until their disposition was entirely changed. So it was with two merchants in New York. They were very antagonistic. They had done all they could to injure each other. They were in the same line of business. One of the morehante was converted to God. Having been converted, he asked the Lord to teach him how to bear himself toward that business antagonist, and he was impressed with the fact that it was his duty when a customer asked for a certain kind of goods which he had not, but which he knew his opponent had, to recommend him to go to that store. I suppose that is about the hardest thing the man could do, but being thoroughly converted to God he resolved to do that very thing, and being asked for a certain kind of goods which he had not he said. "You go to such and such a store and you will get it." After swhile merchant No. 2 found these cushomers coming so seat, and he found also that merchant No. I had been brought to God, and he cought the same religion.

Now they are good friends and good seighbors, the grace of God entirely changing their disposition.

THOME BUILDING CHRISTIANS. "Oh," says some one, "I have a rough, jagged, impersone nature, and religion can't do enything for me." Do you know that Martin Luther and Robert Newton and Richard Baxter were impetuous, all consuming natures, yet the grace of God turned them into the mightiest usefulness? Oh, how many who have been pug-nactors and hard to piesse and tractible and more lethered about the mote in

their neighbor's eye than about the beats libs ship timber in their own eye have entirely changed by the grace of and have found out that "godleaces is profitable for the life that now is well as for the life which is to come!

as well as for the life which is to come!"

Peter, with nature temperatures as the sea that he came tried to walk, at one look of Christ went out and wept betterly. Bitch harvests of grace may grow on the tiptop of the jagged steep, and flocks of Christian graces may find pasturage in fields of bramble and sock. Though your disposition may be all a bristle with fretfulness, though your have a temper asplease with quick lightnings, though your avaries be like that of the hore-leach, crying, "Give!" though damnable ech, crying, "Give!" though damnable mpurities have wrapped you in all con-uming fire, God can drive that devil darkness he can say, "Let there be

Converting grace has lifted the drunk-ard from the disch and matched the knile from the hand of the assassin and the false keys from the burglar, and in the pestiferous lanes of the city met the daughter of sin under the dim lamplight and scat-tered her corrow and her guilt with the words, "Thy sine are forgiven—go and sin no more." For scarlet sin a scarlet

Other persons apologize for not enter-ing the Christian life because of the in-consistencies of those who profess reli-gion. There are thousands of poor farmers. They do not know the nature of soil nor the proper rotation of crops. Their corn is shorter in the stalk and smaller in the ear. They have W less bushels to the acre than their neighbors. But who declines being a farmer because there are so many poor farmers?

There are thousands of incompetent merchants. They buy at the wrong time. They get cheated in the sale of their goods. Every bale of goods is to them a bale of disaster. They fail after awhile and go out of business. But who declines to be a merchant because there are so many incompetent merchants' There are thousands of poor lawyers. They cannot draw a declaration that will stand the test. They cannot recover just damages. They cannot help a defendant escape from the injustice of his persecutors. They are the worst evidence against any case in which they are retained. But who declines to be a lawyer because there are so many incompetent lawyers? Yet there are tens of thousands of people who decline being religious because there are so many unworthy Christians. Now, I say it is il-Poor lawyers are nothing against jurisprudence, poor physicians are nothing against medicine, poor farm-ers are nothing against agriculture, and mean, contemptible professors of religion are nothing against our glorious Christi-

anity.
THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP OF UNBELLEF. Sometimes you have been riding along decayed vegetation-lights which are called jack-o'-lantern or will-o'-the-wisp. These lights are merely poisonous miasmata. My friends, on your way to heaven you will want a better light than the will-o'-the-wisps which dance on the rotten character of dead Christians. Exudations from poisonous trees in our neighbor's garden will make a very poor balm for our wounds.

Sickness will come, and we will be divides this world from the next, and not the inconsistency of Christians but the rod of faith will wave back the waters as a commander wheels his bost. The judgment will come with its thundershod solemnities, attended by bursting mountains and the deep laugh of earthquakes, and suns will fly before the feet of God like sparks from the anvil, and 10,000 burning worlds shall blaze like banners in the track of God omnipotent. Oh, then we will stop and say, "There was a mean Christian; there was a cowardly Christian; there was a lying Christian; there was an impure Christian. In that day as now, "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest thou alone shall bear it." Why, my brother, the inconsistency of Christians so far from being an argument to keep you away from God ought to be an arument to drive you to him. The best dace for a skillful doctor is a neighborhood where they are all poor doctors; the best place for an enterprising merchant to open his store is in a place where the bargain makers do not understand their business, and the best place for you who want to become the illustrious and complete Christians—the best place for you is to come right down among us who are so incompetent and so inconsistent some-

Other persons apologize for not becoming Christians because they lack time, as though religion muddled the brain of the accountant, or tripped the pen of the author, or thickened the tongue of the orator, or weakened the arm of the mechanic, or scattered the briefs of the lawyer, or interrupted the sales of the merchant. They bolt their store doors against it and fight it back with trowels and with yard sticks and cry, "Away with your religion from our store, our office, our factory!"

A RELIGION FOR WORKERS. They do not understand that religion in this workaday world will help you to do anything you ought to do. It can lay a keel, it can sail a ship, it can buy a cargo, it can work a pulley, it can pave a street, it can fit a wristband, it can write a constitution, it can marshal a host. It is as appropriate to the astronomer as his telescope, to the chemist as his laboratory, to the mason as his plumbline, to the carpenter as his plane, to the child as his marbles, to the grandfather as his

No time to be religious here! You have no time not to be religious. You might as well have no clerks in your store, no books in your library, no compass on your ship, no rifle in the battle, no hat for your head, no coat for your back, no shoes for your feet. Better travel on towant eternity bare headed and bare froted and houseless and homeless and friendless than to go through life without re-

Did religion make Raleigh any less of a statesman, or Havelock any less of a soldier, or Grinnell any less of a mer-chant, or West any less of a painter? Religion is the best security in every barrain, it is the sweetest note in every song it is the brightest gem in every coronet. No time to be religious! Why, you will have to take time to be mick, to be troubled, to die. Our world is only the wharf from which we are to embark for heaven. No time to secure the friendship of Christ. No time to buy a lamp and trim it for that walk through the darkness which otherwise will be illumined only by the whiteness of the

tombelones. No time to educate the eye for heavenly spienders, or the band for thoral harps, or the ear for everlasting songs, or the soul for honor, glory and immertality. One would think we had time for nothing also

Other persons apologize for not entring the Christian life because it is tit enough yet. That is very like those pe sone who send their regrets and say: "I will come in perhaps at 11 or 12 o'clock. I will not be there at the opening of the banquet, but I will be there at the close." Not yet! Not yet!

Not yet! Not yet!

Now, I do not give any doleful view of this life. There is nothing in my nature, nothing in the grace of God, that tends toward a doleful view of human life. I have not much sympathy with Addison's description of the "Vision of Mirza." where he represents human life as being a bridge of a hundred arches, and both ends of the bridge covered with clouds, and the race coming on, the most of them falling down through the first span, and all of them falling down through the last span. It is a very disgo the last span. It is a very dismal picture. I have not much sympathy with the Spanish proverb which says,
"The sky is good, and the earth is good—that which is had is between the earth

CHRISTIANS SHOULD BE HOPEPUL But while we Christian people are bound to take a cheerful view of life we must also confess that life is a great uncertainty, and that man who says, time enough yet," is running a risk infi-nite. You do not perhaps realize the fact that this descending grade of sin gets steeper and steeper, and that you are gets steeper and steeper, and that you are gathering up a rush and velocity which after awhile may not answer to the brakes. Ch, my friends, be not among those who give their whole life to the world and then give their corpse to God. It does not seem fair while our pulses are in full play of health that we serve ourselves and serve the world and then make God at last the present of a coffin. It does not seem right that we run our ship from coast to coast, carrying cargoes for ourselves, and then when the ship i crushed on the rocks give to God the shivered timbers. It is a great thing for a man on his dying pillow to repent— better than never at all—but how much better, how much more generous, it would have been if he had repented 80 years before! My friends, you will never

get over these procrastinations.

Here is a delusion. People think, "I can go on in sin and worldliness, but after awhile I will repent, and then it will be as though I had come at the very start." That is a delusion. No one ever gets fully over procrastination. If you give your soul to God, some other time than this, you will enter heaven with only half the capacity for enjoyment and only half the capacity for enjoyment and knowledge you might have had. There will be heights of blessedness you might have attained, you will never reach; thrones of glory on which you might have been assted, but which you will never climb. We will never get over reconstitution neither in time nor in prograstination, neither in time nor in eternity. We have started on a march from which there is no retreat. The shadows of eternity gather on our pathway. How insignificant is time compared with the vast eternity! I was thinking of this while coming down over the Alleghany mountains at noon, by that wonderful place which you have all heard described as the Horseshoe—a dewhere the trait almost turns backs again upon itself, and you see how appropriate is the description of the Horseshoe—and thinking on this very theme and prepar-ing this very sermon it seemed to me as if the great courser of eternity speeding along had just struck the mountain with one hoof and gone on into illimitable space. So short is time, so insignificant

is earth, compared with the vast eternity! This morning voices roll down the sky, and all the worlds of light are ready to rejoice at your disenthrallment. Rush not into the presence of the king ragged with sin when you may have this rob of righteoneness. Dash not your foot to pieces against the throne of a crucified Christ. Throw not your crown of life off the battlements. All the scribes of God are this moment ready with volumes of living light to record the news of your sould mancipated.

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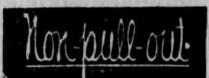
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